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More pure than thee, no martyred saint
 Ere went to rest.
 Than thee, no brighter from death's sleep
 Shall break the tomb,
 When the last trump peals on the deep,
 Its note of doom.
 And if the dead Redeemed arise,
 Ere that dread morn,
 Wilt thou first greet thy mother's eyes,
 From death new born?
 And shall the smile she loved, first break
 The death vale's air?
 O! shall thy voice in heaven first speak
 Her welcome there!

J. U. U.

CROMLEACH, AT KNOCKEEN,
 COUNTY OF WATERFORD.

The annexed cut is a faithful representation of a CROMLEACH at a place called Knockeen, about five miles north of the celebrated watering-place, Tramore, in the County of Waterford. I should more properly have written that my drawing correctly represents what that Druidical monument was in the year 1825, because I cannot say what damage it may have since received, as I have not seen it for the last seven years.



The word Cromleach is from the Irish, *Cromleac*, a pagan altar, which is a compound of, *Crom*, God, and *leac*, a flat stone. The one now about to be described is situate on the gentle declivity of a small hill, as the name of the place, *Knockeen*, i. e. "the little hill," indicates, and was constructed of eight huge rocks, six of which stood upright, and the remaining two were laid flat upon some of the erect ones. One of the latter stones, which is about sixteen feet in length, and of proportionate breadth and thickness, weighing five or six tons, appears to have been balanced on the top of one of the upright rocks, as on a pivot. At the time I saw it, one end of this stupendous block seemed to be suspended in the air, but the other end was overgrown with ivy, which connected it with the stones beneath, and gave the whole group a very fantastic and grotesque effect. It is to be remarked that this structure lay due east and west, in conformity with the ancient custom, which assigned amongst the cardinal points a religious pre-eminence to the east. This superiority of the east over the other points of the compass in religious worship at the first glance strikes one as strange, nay, almost, as pagan and ridiculous, but many important reasons for its continuance are to be found in an anonymous work, entitled "The Picture of Parsonstown," published by subscription in 1826. The author of that work, in describing the new Roman Catholic Chapel of Parsonstown, animadverted on the position in which that edifice was placed, and quotes from scripture, the primitive fathers, and profane writers, a great number of curious and interesting authorities on the subject.

In proof that the early preachers of christianity were unwilling to divert their converts from those places of worship which they had while pagans been accustomed to resort to, in order thereby the more readily to win their attendance at their new devotions, we find mouldering in decay, within twenty yards of this Cromleach, the more modern yet venerable ruins of a Christian Church, and there also is to be seen a burial ground adjoining. A countryman I happened to meet on the spot, informed me that hard-by was one of those subterranean dwellings which were inhabited by the ancient Druids, and which are so often to be read of in Irish history. However, at the time of my visit the entrance to this cave, unfortunately for me, was closed up.

There cannot be a doubt but that the huge stones now being written of served formerly as an altar for sacrifice. The kind of altars which, Wormius informs us, were used by the northern nations and Cimbric, is similar to that just described. This amazing pile of ponderous granite presents a specimen of the *Rocking-stones* or *Baetylia*, (i. e. moving or animated stones) which the late learned Dr. Lanigan finds fault with Bochart for calling *anointed* stones, although perhaps either epithet is equally appropriate. It is worthy of note that Dr. Smith, notwithstanding his acknowledged research, industry, and learning, has omitted to notice this Cromleach at Knockeen in his able and laborious work on the County of Waterford. B.

A CHASE OFF THE WEST COAST OF IRELAND.

The following animated and deeply interesting description of a three days' chase, off the West coast of Ireland, is taken from Captain Hall's *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*:—

On the 8th of November, 1810, when we were lying in that splendid harbour, the Cove of Cork, and quietly refitting our ship, an order came for us to proceed to sea instantly, on a cruise of a week off Cape Clear, in quest of an enemy's vessel, reported to have been seen from some of the signal towers on the west coast. We were in such a predicament, that it was impossible to start before the next morning, though we worked all night. Off we went at last; but it was not till the 11th that we reached our appointed station. Towards evening it fell dead calm, at which time there were two strange sails in sight; one of them a ship, which we 'calculated' was an American, from the whiteness of his sails—the other a very suspicious, roguish-looking brig; but as both of them were hull down, much of this was guess-work.

As the night fell, a light breeze sprung up, and we made all sail in the direction of the brig, though she was no longer visible. In the course of the middle watch, we fortunately got sight of her with our night-glasses, and by two in the morning were near enough to give her a shot. The brig was then standing on a wind; while we were coming down upon her right before it, or nearly so. The sound of our bow-chaser could hardly have reached the vessel it was fired at, before her helm was up; and in the next instant her booms were rigged out, and her studding-sails, low and aloft, seen dangling at the yard-arms. The most crack ship in His Majesty's service, with every thing prepared, could hardly have made sail more smartly.

For our parts, we could set nothing more, having already spread every stitch of canvass; but the yards were trimmed afresh, the tacks hauled closer out, and the haulyards sweated up till the yards actually pressed against the sheave-holes.—The best helmsman on board was placed at the wheel; and the foot of the foresail being drawn slightly up by the bunt slab-line, he could just see the chase clear of the foremast, and so keep her very nearly right a-head. The two fore-castle guns, long 9-pounders, were now brought to bear on the brig; but as we made quite sure of catching her, and did not wish needlessly to injure our prize, or to hurt her people, orders were given to fire at the sails, which, expanded as they now were before us, like the tail of a peacock in his fullest pride, offered a mark which could not well be missed. Nevertheless, the little fellow would not heave to, for all we could do with our fore-castle guns. At four o'clock, therefore, we managed to get one of the long 18-pounders on the main-deck to bear upon him from the bridle-port. Still we could not stop him, though it was now bright moonlight, and there was no longer any tenderness about hurting his people, or injuring his hull. The vessel, however, at which we were now peppering away with round and grape-shot, as hard as we could discharge them from three good smart guns, was so low in the water, that she offered, when seen end out, scarcely any mark. How it happened that none of her yards or masts came rattling down, and that none of her sails flew away, under the influence of our fire, was quite inexplicable.

The water still continued quite smooth, though the breeze had freshened, till we went along at the rate of six or seven knots. When the privateer got the wind, which we had brought up with us, she almost kept her own, and it became evident that she was one of that light and airy description of vessels which have generally an advantage over larger ships when there is but little wind. We, therefore, observed, with much anxiety, that about half-past four the breeze began, gradually, to die away, after which the chase rather gained than lost distance. Of course, the guns were now plied with

double care, and our best marksmen were straining their eyes, and exerting their utmost skill, confident of hitting her, but all apparently to no purpose. One or two of the officers, in particular, who piqued themselves on knowing how to level a gun on principles quite unerring, in vain tried their infallible rules to bring our persevering chase to acknowledge himself caught.

By this time, of course, every man and boy in the ship was on deck, whether it was his watch or not; even the marine officer, the purser, and the doctor, left their beds—a rare phenomenon. Every one was giving his opinion to his neighbour; some said the shot went over, some that they fell short; and the opinion that she was a witch, or the Flying Dutchman, or some other phantom, was current amongst the sailors, whilst the marines were clicking their flints, and preparing to give our little gentleman a taste of the small arms when within their reach.

While things were in this anxious but very pleasurable state, our foresail flapped slowly against the mast—a sure indication that the breeze was lulling. The quadruple rows of reef points were next heard to rattle along the topsails—sounds too well known to every ear as symptoms of an approaching calm. The studding-sails were still full, and so were the royals; but, by and by, even their light canvass refused to belly out, so faint was the air which still carried us, but very gently, along the water, on the surface of which not a ripple was now to be seen in any direction. As the ship, however, still answered her helm, we kept the guns to bear on the chase without intermission, and with this degree of effect, that all her sails, both low and aloft, were soon completely riddled, and some of them were seen hanging in such absolute rags, that the slightest puff of wind must have blown them away like so many cobwebs. By five o'clock it was almost entirely calm, and we had the mortification to observe, that the chase, whose perseverance had kept him thus long out of our clutches, was putting in practice a manœuvre we could not imitate. He thrust out his sweeps, as they are called, huge oars requiring five or six men to each. These, when properly handled, by a sufficiently numerous crew, in a small light vessel, give her the heels of a large ship, when so nearly calm as it now was with us. We were not going more than a knot through the water, if so much, which was barely enough to give us steerage way.

The Frenchman got out, I suppose, about fifteen or twenty f these sweeps, and so vigorously were they plied, that we could see by the moonlight, and still more distinctly when the sun appeared, that the foam was made to fly in sheets at each stroke of these gigantic oars, which were worked together, by their booms being united by a hawser stretching fore and aft. Our chief anxiety now was to pitch a shot amongst his sweeps, as one successful hit there, would have sent half his crew spinning about the decks. But we were not so fortunate; and in less than an hour he was out of shot, walking from us in a style which it was impossible not to admire, though our disappointment and vexation were excessive.—By mid-day he was at least ten miles ahead of us; and at two o'clock, we could just see his upper sails above the horizon. We had observed, during the morning, that our indefatigable little chase, as soon as he had rowed himself from under the relentless fire of our guns, was busily employed in bending a new suit of sails, fishing his splinter yards, shifting his top-gallant masts, and rigging out fresh studding-sail booms—all wounded, more or less, by our shot. As the severe labour of the sweeps was never intermitted, we knew to a certainty that the chase, though small, must be full of hands, and, consequently, it was an object of great importance for us to catch him. Of this, however, there now seemed but very little chance; and many were the hearty maledictions he received, though shared, it is true, by our own crack marksmen, now quite crest-fallen, or driven to the poor excuse of declaring that the moonlight on the water had deceived them as to the distance.

It really seemed as if every one on board had been seized with a fever—nothing else was thought of, but the French brig; every glass, great and small, was in requisition, from the pocket spy-glass of the youngest midshipman, to the forty inch focus of the captain. Each telescope in its turn was hoisted to the cross-trees, and pointed with a sort of sickening eagerness towards the lessening speck on the distant horizon. One might also have thought, that the ship was planted in a grove of trees, in the height of spring time, so numerous were the whistlers. This practice of whistling for a wind is one of our nautical superstitions, which, however groundless and absurd, fastens insensibly on the strongest-

minded sailors at such times. Indeed, I have seen many an anxious officer's mouth taking the piping form, and have even heard some sounds escape from lips which would have vehemently disclaimed all belief in the efficacy of such incantation.

But it would be about as wise a project to reason with the gales themselves, as to attempt convincing Jack that as the wind bloweth only when and where it listeth, his invoking it can be of no sort of use one way or the other. He will still whistle on, I have no doubt, in all time to come, when he wants a breeze, in spite of the march of intellect; for, as long as the elements remain the same, a sailor's life—manage it as we will—cannot be materially altered. It must always be made up of alternate severe labour and complete indolence—of the highest imaginable excitement, and of the most perfect lassitude. If I were not anxious at this moment to get back to my chase, I think I could show how these causes, acting upon such strange stuff as sailors are made of, leads to the formation of those superstitious habits by which they have always been characterised.

In the course of the afternoon, we perceived from the mast-head, far astern, a dark line along the horizon, which some of our most experienced hands pronounced the first trace of a breeze coming up. In the course of half an hour, this line had widened so much that it could easily be perceived from the deck. Upon seeing this, the whistlers redoubled their efforts; and whether, as they pretended, it was owing to their interest with the clerk of the weather office, or whether the wind, if left alone, would have come just as soon, I do not venture to pronounce; but certain it is, that long before sunset, our hearts were rejoiced by the sight of those numerous flying patches of wind, scattered over the calm surface of the sea, and called by seamen catspaws—I presume from the stealthy, timorous manner in which they seem to touch the water, and straightway vanish again. By and by, the true wind, the ripple from which had marked the horizon astern of us, and broken the face of the mirror shining brightly every where else, indicated its approach, by fanning out the skysails and other flying kites, generally supposed to be superfluous, but which, upon such occasions as this, do good service, by catching the first breath of air, that seems always to float far above the water. One by one the sails were filled; and as the ship gathered way, every person marked the glistening eye of the helmsman, when he felt the spokes of the wheel pressing against his hand, by the action of the water on the rudder. The fire-engine had been carried into the tops, and, where its long point could not reach, buckets of water were drawn up and thrown on the sails, so that every pore was filled, and the full effect of the wind was exerted on the canvass.

The ship now began to speak, as it is termed; and on looking over the gangway we could see a line of small hissing bubbles, not yet deserving the name of spray, but quite enough to prove to us that the breeze was beginning to tell. It was near the middle of November, but the day was as hot as if it had been summer; and the wind, now freshening at every second, blew coolly and gratefully upon us, giving assurance that we should have no more calms to trouble us, whatever might be our other difficulties in catching Monsieur Frenchman.

Of these difficulties, the greatest by far was the keeping sight of the brig after it became dark. We overhauled him, however, so fast, that we had great hopes of getting near enough to be able to command him with the night-glasses, in which case we made pretty sure of our prize. The night-glass, it may be right to explain, is a telescope of small power, increasing the diameter of objects only about eight times. It has a large field-glass; and, in order to save the interception of light, has one lens fewer than usual, which omission has the effect of inverting the object looked at. But this, though inconvenient, is of little consequence in cases where the desideratum is merely to get sight of the vessel, without seeking to make out the details.

Meanwhile, as we spanked along, rapidly accelerating our pace, and rejoicing in the cracking of the ropes, and bending of the lightest and loftiest spars—that butterfly sort of gear which a very little wind soon brushes away—we had the malicious satisfaction of observing that the poor little privateer had not yet got a mouthful of the charming wind which, like the well-known intoxicating gas, was by this time setting us all a-skiping about the decks. The greater part of the visible ocean was now under the influence of the new-born breeze; but, in the spot where the brig lay, there occurred a belt or splash of clear white light, within which the calm still

lingered, with the privateer sparkling in its centre. Just as the sun went down, however, this spot was likewise melted into the rest, and the brig, like a poor hare roused from her seat, sprang off again. We were soon near enough to see her sweeps rigged in—to the delight, no doubt, of her weary crew, whose apprehension of an English prison had probably kept up their strength to a pitch rarely equalled.

As the twilight—the brief twilight of winter—galloped away, a hundred pairs of eyes were almost jumping out of their sockets in their attempts to pierce the night; while those who had glasses kept scrubbing them without mercy, as if they imagined more light would be let into the tube the more they injured the lenses. One person, and only one, continued, as he asserted, to see the chase, faintly strung, like a bead, on the horizon. I need not say that this sharp-sighted gentleman was nailed to his post, and ordered on no account to move his head, fatigue or no fatigue. There happened to be a single star, directly over the spot to which this fortunate youth was directing his view, with as much anxiety as ever Galileo peered into the heavens in search of a new planet. This fact being announced, a dozen spy-glasses were seen wagging up and down between this directing star and that part of the horizon, now almost invisible, which lay immediately below it. Many were the doubts expressed of the correctness of the first observation, and many were the tormenting questions put to the observer as to which way the brig was standing? what sail she had set? whether we were drawing up with her or not? as if the poor youngster had been placed alongside the vessel. These doubts and fears were put an end to, or nearly so, by bidding the boy keep his eye fixed on what he took to be the chase, and then, without acquainting him with the change, altering the ship's course for half a minute. This experiment had scarcely been commenced before he cried out, "I have lost sight of her this very moment! I saw her but an instant ago!" And when the ship's head was brought back to the original course, he exclaimed, "There she is again, by jingo! just to the right of the star."

This star served another useful purpose at the same time. The man at the wheel could see it shining between the leech of the fore-top-sail and that of the top-mast studding-sail, and was thus enabled to steer the ship with much greater steadiness than he could possibly have done with the compass alone. Before midnight, as the breeze had freshened greatly, and we were going at the rate of nine knots an hour, we had drawn up so much with the privateer that every one could see her with the naked eye, and the gunner with his mates, and the marksmen who had lost their credit on the preceding night, were fidgetting and fussing about the guns, eager to be banging away again at the prize, as they now began, rather prematurely, to call her—little knowing what a dexterous, persevering, and gallant little fellow they had to deal with, and how much trouble she was yet to give us.

It was not till about two o'clock that we once more came within gun-shot of him; and as it had been alleged that the guns were fired too quickly the night before, and without sufficient care in pointing, the utmost attention was now paid to laying them properly; and the lanyard of the trigger never pulled, till the person looking along the gun felt confident of his aim. The brig, however, appeared to possess the same witch-like, invulnerable quality as ever; for we could neither strike her hull, so as to force her to cry peccavi, nor bring down a yard, nor lop off a mast or a boom. It was really a curious spectacle to see a little bit of a thing skimming away before the wind, with such a huge monster as the *Endymion*, tearing and plunging after her, like a voracious dolphin leaping from sea to sea in pursuit of a flying fish.

In time this must have ended in the destruction of the brig; for as we gained upon her rapidly, some of our shot must by and by have taken effect, and sent her to the bottom. She was destined, however, to enjoy a little longer existence.—The proper plan, perhaps, would have been to stand on, firing at her sails, till we had reached within musket-shot, and then to have knocked down the helmsman, and every one else on her deck. This, however, was not our captain's plan—or perhaps he became impatient—at all events he gave orders for the whole starboard broadside to be got ready; and then, giving the ship a yaw, poured the whole discharge, as he thought, right into his wretched victim!

Not a mortal on board the frigate expected ever to see the poor brig again. What, then, was our surprise, when the smoke blew swiftly past, to see the intrepid little cocky gliding away more merrily than before. As far as good discipline would allow, there was a general murmur of applause at the

Frenchman's gallantry. In the next instant, however, this sound was converted into hearty laughter over the frigate's decks, when, in answer to our thundering broadside, a single small gun, a six-pounder, was fired from the brig's stern, as if in contempt of his formidable antagonist's prowess.

Instead of gaining by our manœuvre, we had lost a good deal,—and in two ways. In the first place, by yawing out of our course, we enabled the privateer to gain several hundred yards upon us; and secondly, his funny little shot, which had excited so much mirth, passed through the lee foretop-sail yard-arm, about six feet inside the boom iron. Had it struck on the windward side, where the yard was cracking and straining at a most furious rate, the greater part of the sails on the fore-mast might have been taken in quicker than we could have wished—for we were now going at the rate of eleven and a half, with the wind on the quarter.

Just as we made out where his first shot had struck us, another cut through the weather main-top-gallant sheet; and so he went on, firing away briskly, till most of our lofty sails were fluttering with the holes made in them. His own sails, I need scarcely add, were by this time so completely torn up by our shot, that we could see the sky through them all; but still he refused to heave to—and, by constantly firing his single stern-chaser, was evidently resolved to lose no possible chance of escape. Had one or two of his shot struck either of our top-masts, I really believe he might have got off. It therefore became absolutely necessary that we should either demolish or capture him without further loss of time. The choice we left to himself, as will be seen. But such a spirited cruiser as this, was an enemy worth sulduing at any cost; for there was no calculating the mischief a privateer so admirably commanded might have wrought in a convoy. There was a degree of discretion, also, about this expert privateer's man, which was very remarkable, and deserving of such favour at our hands as we had to spare. He took care to direct his stern-chaser so high, that there was little chance of his shot striking any of our people. Indeed, he evidently aimed solely at crippling the masts—knowing right well, that it would answer none of his ends to kill or wound any number of his enemy's crew, while it might irritate their captain to show him less mercy at the last moment, which, as will be seen, was fast approaching.

On we flew, right down upon our prey, like the enormous rock-bird of the Arabian Nights. We had ceased firing our bow-chasers, that the smoke might not stand between us and the lesson we meant to read to our resolute pupil, so that there was 'silence deep as death' along our decks—and doubtless on his; for he likewise had intermitted his firing, and seemed prepared to meet his fate, and go to the bottom like a man. It was possible, also, we thought, that he might only be watching, even in his last extremity, to take advantage of any negligence on our part, which should allow him to haul suddenly across our bows, and, by getting on a wind, have a chance of escaping. This chance, it is true, was very small; for not one of his sails was in a condition to stand such a breeze as was now blowing, unless when running nearly before it. But we had seen enough, during the two days we had been together, to apprehend that his activity was at least a match for ours; and as he had already shown that he did not care a fig for shot, he might bend new sails as fast as we could.

At all events, we were resolved to make him surrender, or run him down: such was our duty, and that the Frenchman knew right well. He waited, however, until our flying jib-boom end was almost over his taffrail; and that the narrow space between us was filled with a confused, boiling heap of foam, partly caused by his bows, and partly by ours. Then, and not till then, when he must have seen into our ports, and along the decks, which were lighted up fore and aft, he first gave signal of surrender.

The manner in which this was done by the captain of the privateer was as spirited and as characteristic as any part of his previous conduct. The night was very dark; but the ships were so near to one another, that we could distinguish the tall figure of a man mount the weather main-rigging of the brig, where he stood erect, with a lantern in his hand, held out at right angles from his body. Had this light not been seen, or its purpose not understood, or had it been delayed for twenty seconds longer, the frigate must, almost in spite of herself, have gone right over him, and the salvo of a double-shotted broadside would have done the last and fitting honours over the Frenchman's grave.

Even as it was, it cost us some trouble to avoid running him down; for, although the helm was put over immediately,

our lee quarter, as the ship flew up in the wind, almost grazed his weather gangway. In passing, we ordered him to bring-to likewise. This he did as soon as we gave him room; though we were still close enough to see the effect of such a manœuvre at such a moment. Every stitch of sail he had set was blown, in one moment, clean out of the bolt-ropes. His haulyards, tacks, and sheets had been all racked aloft, so that every thing not made of canvass, remained in its place;—the yards at the mast-heads, and the booms rigged out—while the empty leech and foot-ropes hung down in festoons where, but a minute before, the tattered sails had been spread.

We fared, comparatively speaking, not much better; for although, the instant the course was altered, the order was given to let fly the topsail-haulyards, and every other necessary rope; and although the downhaul-tackles, clewlines, and huntlines, were all ready manned, in expectation of this evolution, we succeeded with great difficulty in saving the fore or main-topsails; but the top-gallant-sails were blown to pieces. All the flying kites went off in a crack, whisking far away to leeward, like dried forest-leaves in autumn.

It may be supposed that the chase was now completely over, and that we had nothing further to do than take possession of our prize. Not at all! It was found next to impossible to board the brig, or, at least, it seemed so dangerous, that our captain was unwilling to hazard a boat and crew, till day-light came. The privateer having no sail set to keep her steady, became so unmanageable, that the sea made a clean breach over all, rendering it out of the question to board her on the weather side. Nor was she more easily approachable to lee-ward, where a tangled net-work of broken spars, half-torn sails, shattered booms, and smacking ropes' ends, formed such a line of 'chevaux de frise' from the cathead to the counter, that all attempts to get near her on that side, were useless.

The gale increased before morning to such a pitch, that as there was still a doubt if any boat could live, the intention of boarding our prize was of course further delayed. But we took care to keep close to her, a little to windward, in order to watch her proceedings as narrowly as possible. It did not escape our notice, in the mean time, that our friend—he was no longer our foe, though not yet our prisoner—went on quietly, even in the height of the gale, shifting his wounded yards, reeving new ropes, and bending fresh sails. This caused us to redouble our vigilance during the morning, and the event showed that we had good need for such watchfulness. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the brig having fallen a little to leeward, and a furious squall of wind and rain coming on at the same moment, she suddenly bore up, and set off once more right before the wind. At the height of the squall we totally lost sight of our prize; and such a hub-bub I hardly recollect to have heard in my life before.

"Where is she?—Who was looking out?—Where did you see her last?"—and a hundred similar questions, reproaches, scolds, and the whole of the ugly family of oaths, were poured out in abundance; some on the privateer, whose adroitness had thus overreached our vigilance; some upon those who, by their neglect, had given him the opportunity; and many imprecations were uttered merely to express the depth of anger and disappointment at this stupid loss of a good thing, which had cost them so much trouble to catch. All this passed over in the first burst—sail was made at once—the topsails, close reefed, were sheeted home like lightning—and off we dashed into the thick of the squall, in search of our lost treasure. At each mast-head and at every yard-arm there was planted a look-out man, while the fore-castle hammock-netting was filled with volunteer spy-glasses. For about a quarter of an hour a dead silence reigned over the whole ship, during which anxious interval every eye was strained to the utmost; for no one knew exactly where to look. There was, indeed, no certainty of our not actually running past the privateer, and it would not have surprised us much, when the squall cleared up, had we seen him a mile or two to windward, far beyond our reach. These fears were put an end to by the sharp-eyed captain of the fore-top, who had perched himself on the jib-boom end, calling out with a voice of the greatest glee—

"There he goes! there he goes! right a-head! under his topsails and foresail!"

And, sure enough, there we saw him, springing along from wave to wave, with his masts bending forwards like reeds, under the pressure of sail enough to have laid him on his beam-ends had he broached to. In such tempestuous weather a small vessel has no chance whatever with a frigate; indeed,

we could observe, that when the little brig fell between two high seas, her foresail flapped to the mast, fairly becalmed by the wave behind her.

In a very few minutes we were again alongside, and, doubtless, the Frenchman thought we were at last going to execute summary vengeance upon him for his treachery, as we called it. Nothing daunted, however, by the style in which we bore down upon him, the gallant commander of this pretty little eggshell of a vessel placed himself on the weather-quarter, and with a speaking-trumpet in his hand, indicated by gesticulations, a wish to be heard. This could not well be refused; and we steered as close as we could pass along without bringing the two vessels in contact, or risking the entanglement of the yards, when we rolled towards one another.

"I have been compelled to bear up," he called out in French, "otherwise the brig must have gone to the bottom. The sea broke over us in such a way that I have been obliged as you may perceive, to throw all my guns, boats, and spars, overboard. We have now several feet water in the hold, in consequence of your shot, which you may likewise observe have nearly destroyed our upper works. If, therefore, you oblige me to heave to, I cannot keep the vessel afloat one hour in such weather."

"Will you make no farther attempt to escape?" asked the captain of the *Endymion*.

"As yet I have made none," he replied firmly; "I struck to you already—I am your prize—and, feeling as a man of honour, I do not consider myself at liberty to escape, even if I had the power—I bore up when the squall came on, as a matter of necessity. If you will allow me to run before the wind, along with you, till the weather moderates, you may take possession of the brig when you please—if not, I must go to the bottom."

Such was the substance of a conversation, very difficult to keep up across the tempest, which was now whistling at a great rate. Although we certainly distrusted our companion, therefore, most grievously, we sailed along most lovingly together, as if we had been the best possible friends, for sixty or seventy miles: during the greater part of this interval the frigate had scarcely any sail set at all; and we sometimes expected to see our little friend pop fairly under the water, and so elude us by foundering, or escape by witchcraft,—by the protection of which, in the opinion of the Johnnies, he had been so long kept from us.

At eight o'clock in the evening it began to moderate, and by midnight we succeeded in getting a boat on board of the prize, after a run of between three and four hundred miles. Such is the scale of nautical sport! And where, I now beg to ask, is the fox hunting, or the piracy, or any thing else, more exciting than this noble game?

The brig proved to be the *Milan* privateer, from St. Malo, of 14 guns, and 80 men, many of whom were unfortunately wounded by our shot, and several were killed. She had been at sea eighteen days, but had made no captures. The guns, as I have already mentioned, had been thrown overboard to lighten her. In the morning we stopped the leaks, exchanged the prisoners for a prize crew, and put our heads towards the Cove of Cork again, chuckling at our own success in having nabbed the very vessel we were sent after. But this part of the exploit, it seemed, we had no title to claim merit for, since the *Milan* had not seen the land, nor been within many miles of it. This was a trifle, however; and we returned right merrily to tell our long story of the three days' chase.

The captain's name was Lepelletier—I have pleasure in recording it—M. Pierre Lepelletier, of St. Malo; and wherever he goes, I will venture to say he can meet no better or more resolute man than himself.

At the close of this interesting narrative, Captain Hall gives the commentary of one of the ablest and most judicious officers of the British navy, to whom he had related it, and which concludes in these words:—"It is always useful to have good practical examples of what perseverance and well-directed zeal may accomplish, especially with very small means. Don't let us forget the example of your little brig, for it is no matter from whence instruction comes, from friend or foe, provided it be good."

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